LEADING BUSINESS FIRMS OF SALT LAKE CITY.

LIVE A LIFE OF GREAT PERIL

Arduous Work of Uncle Sam's Coast Guards.

COST OF THE SERVICE.

SOME THRILLING EXAMPLES LATELY GIVEN.

Telling Figures—Property Worth Many Times the Yearly Outlay Saved, to Say Nothing of Hundreds of Lives—Shooting the Life Line.

Uncle Sam has something like 1,800 men to guard 10,000 miles of sea and lake coast from the dangers of gale and storm. The figures of the former seem away out of proportion to those of the latter, yet from the official records at Washington property and life which have been placed in jeopardy have been ably protected.

This is a tribute to the men who make up the life saving corps, particularly as the parsimony of the government only allows of their employment from October 1 to May 1. The rest of the time the unfortunates who may be caught in a wreck are supposed to shift for themselves or depend upon the efforts of unorganized aid ashore.

But the men in charge of the live saving department at Washington have made the most of the slim means at their disposal Complete protection has been given the coast near the important harbors of the country, but thousands of miles have been left uncovered. The life saving service is a part of the treasury department and Sumner I. Kimball is the general superintendent. The establishment embraces 231 stations. The average station is composed of six men and each station is held responsible for the care of a certain number of miles of the coast. On the Atlantic coast there are 184 stations, while there are but 13 on the Pacific coast. Of course the amount of ocean traffic on the Atlantic is many times greater than that on the Pacific, to say nothing of the larger number of important harbors to be protected. On the great lakes there are 53 stations and Louisville, Ky., stands unique among the inland cities because it boasts of a life saving station at the falls of the Ohio river.

Within the past month some thrilling examples have been given of the efficiency of the life savers, notably when the great American liner St. Paul ran ashore at Long Branch, and again when the tramp steamer Lamington was driven upon the treacherous Long Island sands near the Fire Island light. It was due to the clever work of the life savers near the latter place that the twenty souls in the Lamington were saved. Not only did

SHOOTING THE LIFE LINE.

they bring the men safely ashore, but they also rescued a little Spanish pony from the steamer by the aid of the breeches buoy.

Had it not been for the vigilance of the coast guard, who burned a danger signal, the Cunarder Campania would have gone ashore in the fog at the same time the St. Paul struck her unlucky nose against New Jersey. The Cunard company was saved something between $100,000 and $200,000 by the red light thrown out by the life savers. This is the kind of work the coast guards are doing all the time, but unless there is actually a disaster no record of it appears in statistics gathered in Washington.

SOME TELLING FIGURES.

But even taking these statistics, the record of the service is a fine one. The department year does not end until June 30, and taking the completed records for the year ending June 30, 1895, some idea of the work accomplished by these men can be obtained. There were 483 disasters in that year on the coast, and the amount of property involved was $10,647,235. Owing to the life savers, of this vast sum $9,145,085 was saved, leaving $1,502,150 which was lost. By the 483 disasters the lives of 5,402 persons were placed in jeopardy and all but twenty of them were saved. The number of vessels totally lost was seventy-three. At the various life saving stations the unfortunates who suffered by the shipwrecks were cared for, and the number of days' succor afforded them aggregates 2,232. Yet the total annual cost of the department is less than $1,350,000.

These are dry statistics, but they tell the story convincingly. By the expenditure of $1,350,000 hundreds of lives were saved and many times that amount of property rescued from destruction. Better investments by the government for the public welfare have been made, but it will take a most diligent search of the records to unearth them.

A DREARY LIFE.

The life of the coast guard is not exciting. It is dreary and monotonous. He almost welcomes a shipwreck because it gives him something to do and breaks into the lonely routine of his cheerless labor. For seven months in the year he is almost as lonely as a hermit or a castaway on a desert island. He is paid $60 a month by the government, and the hardships of his work incapacitate him at a comparatively early age. Rheumatism, and its kindred ailments, due to exposure, make a wreck of his hardy constitution, and when he is worn out the government casts him aside as a farmer throws away a toothless rake. No pension awaits him either. No provision is made for the life saver in his old age, although he is certainly the equal of the soldier and risks his life and health in the public cause oftener.

Many times efforts have been made in Washington to provide a pension for the life savers and to give them work twelve months in the year, but without result. Economy has always been the cry, but when a popular senator dies four or five thousand dollars are freely voted for a fine congressional funeral.

In summer time the life saver supports himself and family by fishing, by sailing pleasure craft or by working at a bathing resort as life saver. When in the employ of the government he is absolutely cut off from his family. He must be on duty twenty-four hours a day and seven days in the week. Six or seven men compose the average station. One of the number is the captain. He is held responsible for the work of the men.

The hardest work they have to do is to patrol the beach at night time. Any one who has walked on a flat sandy beach in winter time, with the wind blowing a gale and hurling salt spray with the force of gun shot hundreds of feet, knows what the work of the coast guard is. He has no shelter, as the beach is as flat as a billiard table and when a heavy snowstorm is on the work is infinitely worse.

A LONG PATROL.

Each man must cover a patrol of six miles during the night. He walks three miles in either direction, from the station and then back. Unlike the policeman he never loiters. He has to keep moving all the time or it would be the last of him. It is not necessary to have any one out to see that he attends to his patrol because there is no place where he can seek shelter. The stations are placed only in exposed places, where people don't live in winter time.

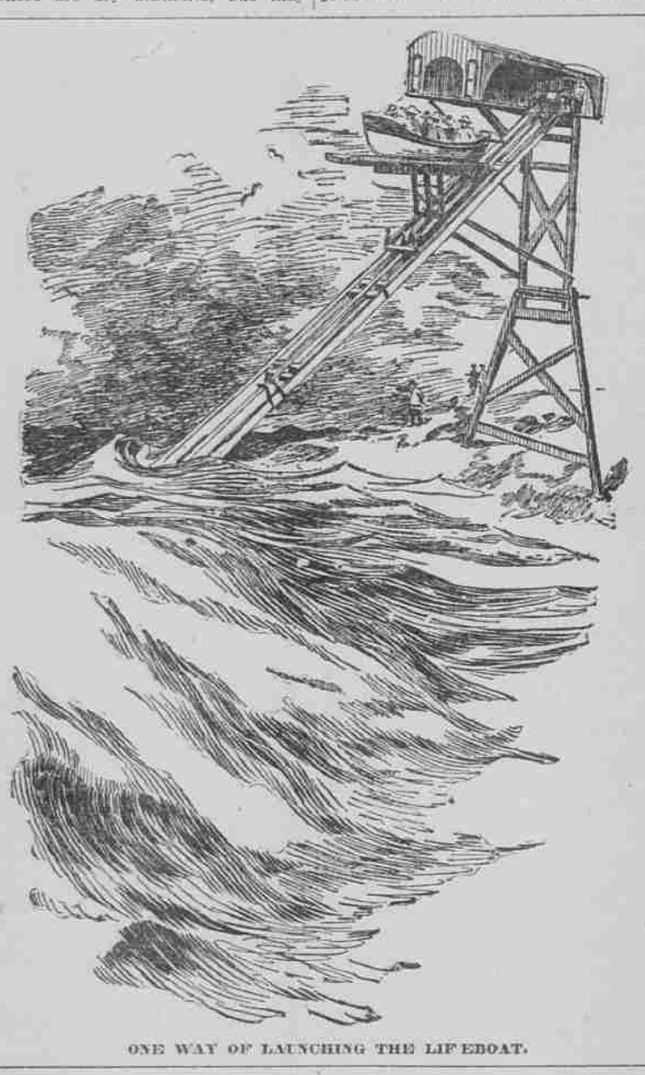
When it is possible the stations are connected with each other by telephone. The little houses are well built and have many small comforts. Nearly all of them have small libraries. The principal room is the mess room. It serves as parlor, dining room, sitting room and library. The kitchen adjoins it on one side and the captain's bed room on the other. The upper floor is one large room fitted with sleeping boothe for the men.

Some of the most important stations have a horse. This is a recent acquisition, but a necessary one. At times when a vessel had gone ashore a couple of miles from the station it was found impossible to move the lifeboat on the sand cart up to the point of danger. The horse now does the work in a few minutes, where it formerly took hours.

DIFFICULTY OF LAUNCHING.

No means have yet been discovered by which the lifeboat can be launched when the surf is running very high. Experiments have been made with a tower-like structure erected as close to the water as possible, and with a set of tracks running from the top into the water. The lifeboat rests on a platform fitted with wheels. The platform toboggans down the tracks with a momentum sufficient to send it into deep water. This combination has worked satisfactorily in some places in Europe, but on the Atlantic or Pacific coast it is at a disadvantage, because a vessel does not select its precise locality when she is blown ashore. As the structure must be firmly erected, it is not possible to move it from one place to another.

The breeches buoy has largely done away with the need of the lifeboat, however, except in cases where a vessel goes ashore too far out to be reached by the life line. Much of the efficient work of the department is due to the adoption of the international code of signals. By these the men on shore tell the people on the stranded vessel exactly what to do and how to do it. This code embraces only eighteen different flags, but 78,000 distinct messages can be sent by them. M. M.



ONE WAY OF LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT.

A GRIM REALITY.

Merchant (on discovering a man in his cellar)—Who are you?

Stranger—The gas man. I have come to see by your meter how much gas you have used during the last month.

Merchant—Good gracious! I was hoping it was only a burglar!—The Standard.

GENERAL GRANT AS A COLONEL

Interesting Reminiscences From His Chaplain.

REMARKABLE FORESIGHT.

GRANT'S ATTITUDE TOWARD SLAVERY.

His Interview With a Slave and a Slaveholder—His Fine Relations With His Regiment as a Colonel—Charged Upon By His Own Soldiers—In Command at Ironton, Missouri—Parting of the General and His Chaplain.

BY THE LATE JAMES L. CRANE.

(The author of these reminiscences, died in 1879 while serving as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Shelbyville, Ill. He seems to have written them out about the time of the closing of the war. They furnish one of the most graphic pictures of Grant ever given to the public.)

Shortly after I came into the regiment our mess was one day taking their usual seats around the dinner table, when Colonel Grant remarked:

"Chaplain, when I was at home, and ministers were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose that a blessing is as much needed here as at home, and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat."

The inexcusable and foolish practice of using profane language, a practice too common in the army, and even among intelligent officers, is a habit to which Grant never degraded himself. I never heard him use anything like an oath under the most provoking excitement.

GRANT'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS SLAVERY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

He was at heart and in expression an anti-slavery man; yet he had but little sympathy with the previous movements and opinions of the so-called ultra Abolitionists. He believed slavery to be an anomaly in a free government like ours; that its tendency was subversive of the best interests of the master and the enslaved and our common prosperity as a nation; that it hindered the development of the highest interests of humanity; that it promoted aristocracy and a privileged class; that it encouraged idleness and an inclination to rely upon others to do what we ought to do ourselves; that it resulted in one man lording it over the consciences of others, where God alone should be supreme; that it resulted in denying the slave the rights of his moral nature, annihilated his capacity for improvement, shut out the light of truth and bound his soul in the chains of hopeless ignorance and degradation.

Yet he did not regard the present war as being commenced on the part of the national government for the purpose of interfering with slavery, but for the purpose of enforcing the laws, suppressing the rebellion and maintaining the Union entire and the constitution inviolate. He often remarked, however, that he believed slavery would die with this rebellion, and that it might become necessary for the government to suppress it as a stroke of military policy.

GRANT'S INTERVIEW WITH A SLAVE AND SLAVE HOLDER.

While we were at Mexico, Mo., a slave came to our headquarters one afternoon fleeing from his master. He was greatly frightened and fatigued, and while panting and puffing with the heat, he inquired in half frantic tones:

"Whar's de cunnel?"

"This is the colonel," said I, pointing to him, sitting by my side.

"What will you have, sir?" said Grant,

"I—I's—mister—cunnel. I's had to run'd away, sah! Massa's orful hawd on me, sah! He's close onto me, sah! Kin ye help me, cunnel?"

"Can't help you, sir; we are not here to look after negroes, but after rebels. You must take care of yourself."

The discomfited negro dropped his head and exclaimed, as if half talking to himself:

"Lawd, I's afeered massa 'll be onto me!"

His eyes stood out fully an eighth of an inch further than usual, and he trembled from head to foot. As he was about turning away I beckoned to him to come around behind the tent. I took him to our cooking department and filled his pockets with cold biscuits and meat and gave him half a dollar, and told him to make for the woods close by and steer northeast and not to consider himself safe till he had crossed the Mississippi river. He bent himself nearly to the ground in his manifestations of gratitude. I went with him and passed him through the guards, and his running for the woods was after the manner of the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, and would have refreshed the soul of a conductor of the "underground railroad."

He had not been gone more than an hour or two when his master and another man made their appearance, inquiring after the fugitive. To the master Grant made about the same reply that he did to the slave; that we were not here to look after negroes, but after rebels.

The pursuers evidently did not relish the reply, and were about to turn away with angry mutterings, when Grant desired to know whether they were opposed to the rebellion and in favor of the Union. They were inclined to be evasive in answering that question, as Grant had been in communicating intelligence about the missing negro. They were finally informed that they could not leave our lines without taking the oath of allegiance.

GRANT'S FINE RELATIONS WITH HIS REGIMENT AS COLONEL.

There was a strong mutual attachment between Grant and the men of his regiment, without any undue familiarity. The colonel who had first been in command of the regiment was one of those jolly, roystering, merry-making men whom the boys would call a clever fellow. An Irishman once claimed that the candidate he supported was by all odds the best man, because he would drink, laugh and fight with the poorest man in the country, and drink as much, too. So with this colonel. Hence, when Grant took command, he found his men almost in a state of complete demoralization; each man in the regiment having, apparently, as much authority as another. It was a sort of disordery mass, a hodgepodge of entanglements, an unsystematic, unarranged, hurly-burly of officers and privates. Not that there was, by any means, an unusual deficiency of moral and intelligent men in the regiment, but that these, from the nature of the circumstances, quietly kept themselves in the background, while the boisterous and wayward elements blustered and rejoiced in their privileges.

In less than ten days after Grant took command all this complicated confusion was brought to order and subordination by his quiet, unostentatious vigor and vigilance. Every man felt that he had a colonel that must be obeyed and respected, and hence they all soon became strongly attached to him, with the exception of a few who disliked any restraints upon their waywardness.

GRANT IN COMMAND AT IRONTON, MISSOURI.

Shortly after Grant was made general, our regiment was moved to Ironton, Mo., where he was appointed to the command of the post, which numbered at our arrival about 3,000. The regiment was now commanded by J. W. S. Alexander, who had been our lieutenant colonel, and on whose shoulders the eagle fell on the promotion of Grant. (The reader will pardon me for digressing long enough to say that Alexander was one of nature's noblemen, a brave, intelligent, patriotic soldier, and a true, upright Christian gentleman in all the relations of life. He was affable and courteous in all his department, and diligent and persevering in effecting his purposes. He lost his life boldly leading his men against the enemy at the battle of Chicamauga.)

But to resume, we were threatened by 3,000 men under Jeff Thompson, ten miles on the east, and by 10,0000 under General Hardee on the west. For several nights we lay on our arms, expecting an attack. But Grant managed the matter so judiciously that no attack was made. No one was allowed to pass outside our pickets, and all who came within our lines were prevented from going out again. It was rumored abroad that we had a large number of huge pieces of artillery, and that we were several thousand strong, and were well fortified, while the fact was that we had hardly 3,000 men, and they mostly raw troops; and none of our cannon had yet been mounted, and our powerful fortifications were, as yet, all on paper.

While we were going down from St. Louis to Ironton in the cars, Grant took a seat by my side and commenced conversation about the probable length of time it would take to suppress this rebellion, and also about his new appointment. And while talking of how he had best arrange in reference to his staff, he turned to me and requested that I would take a position on his staff, to which I replied:

"General, I appreciate the offer very highly, but my business in life is to preach, and I have acquired such notions of rank since I came into the army that I don't think I can come down to the position, for I am on the staff of a higher officer."

"That is true, chaplain; that's true; but I did not know but you might be willing to change your mode of life during the war."

"I am ready to make any effort to put down this rebellion, and shoulder the musket if necessary, but I am nearly 40 years old, general, and I think it would hardly be prudent to change my occupation now, especially as there are many who are more competent and who would be glad to take the place you have kindly offered to me."

"The fact is, chaplain, the kind of men who want the position are not the kind of men I want; these gay, swelling, pompous adventurers don't suit my fancy. I want men who have some conscience."

"You are on the right track, general, and you'll find them, doubtless, in time."

"Well, chaplain, if you will not take a permanent position on my staff, will you stay with me a few weeks till I have time to make my selection?"

"I am at your service, general, with the understanding that I am to have the Sabbaths to look after the religious interests of our regiment."

"Certainly, sir, certainly." And at this point in our conversation he was summoned to attend a call in another direction.

I stayed with him the two or three weeks he remained at Irontown. At the end of that time I went with him to St. Louis, to procure some tents and other traveling equipage necessary to prepare the several regiments for marching southward.

GRANT CHARGED UPON BY THREE OF HIS OWN SOLDIERS.

We started from Ironton about dusk one evening, and walked up to Pilot Knob to take the cars. Ten regiments were camped in the neighborhood at this time. Pilot Knob is a mile and a half from Ironton. While we were leisurely measuring the distance and had gone half way, we were met by three soldiers, who ordered us to halt. Grant told them they had no business to halt men at that point. One of the men was in his shirt sleeves and was without arms and drunk. The other two had muskets and appeared to be sober. They doubtless took us for citizens, for neither of us had about us a single weapon nor any insignia of office. They expected to frighten us and enjoy some fun at our expense. Grant ordered the two men with muskets to arrest the drunken man and accompany him to the camp. The drunken man ordered them, with an oath of prodigious energy, to charge on us with their bayonets, and they did it. We retreated in good irder. But the pointed steel was offensively close to me and I spoke out with a very rapid pronunciation:

"Gentlemen, this is General Grant, the commander of the post; you had better be careful."

But the spirited gentlemen in his shirt sleeves replied, with a vehemence surpassing my own:

"Grant, ——; I don't know him; you can't fool me, boss, in that way; go in, boys!"

But his comrades refused to go in, and shouldered arms and started off toward Ironton. The man in his shirt sleeves cursed them for cowards, and tried to take from one of them his gun that he might charge on us in person. But he was too drunk; his strength was not equal to the effort. The two ran off and left him roaring in a climax of profanity against them and us, while we went on to Pilot Knob. When we reached the depot Grant hastily ordered a sergeant and seven soldiers to go in pursuit of the men who had met us and bring them back to their quarters and place them under guard, and keep them on bread and water till he should return from St. Louis. I have never heard whether they caught them. I suppose they did not, for it was quite dark before they were pursued; they had at least a mile the start, and it would have been impossible to have identified them among 10,000 similar in appearance. If they did find them I have wondered how long they were fed on bread and water, for Grant never returned to Ironton; General Prentiss took his place there.

A PARTING BETWEEN GRANT AND HIS CHAPLAIN.

We reached St. Louis, and after considerable labor and management, and confronting a whole host of little moguls and august Italian and Hungarian lieutenants and orderlies and captains and corporals and carriers and riders and musketeers, and swordsmen, waiters and ushers, doorkeepers, hostlers and bootblacks, which Fremont had as a body guard, Grant finally succeeded in getting the necessary stores and equipments. We were waiting at the Planter's house, expecting to return with them on the next train, when Grant received orders to go immediately to Jefferson City and take command of the forces there.

As we parted, he took me cordially by the hand and said with considerable feeling:

"Remember me to the Twenty-first; I am sorry to leave them. Good by, chaplain; don't forget me."

"Good-by, general; don't forget me; you are going up in this world; manage it so that you will keep on going up when you leave it. Good-by, general."

THE DRUNK MAN ORDERED THEM TO CHARGE US AND THEY DID.